Selected Illiscellany. A DOCTOR'S STORY.

" And now we'll have a cozy, comfortable evening together," said my wife, "And-but what's that, Irving?" My wife started nervously, as a sharp peal from the bell interrupted our brief

interval of domestie quiet. " Only the surgery bell, my dear.

Somebody wanting me I suppose"

And I went down stairs, secretly wondering to myself it, after all, there was such a wide difference between a galley slave and a country doctor.

The surgery door stood wide open. but no one was there, and through the blinding darkness without, I could distinguish the dark outline of a close carriage and a man standing at the horse's head.

" Who's there ? what's wanted ? " asked, coming to the threshold and instinctively battoning up the overcoat I had hurriedly thrown on. "You're wanted, doctor,"

said the man speaking indistinctively from behind the mufflings that surrounded his face.

"Yes, but what for ? who wants me ? " I am not at liberty to tell."

I had already entered the carriage, but this suspicous answer inspired me with distrust. I made a step to descend, but I was too late. The vehicle was already in motion.

"It is quite unnecessary to alarm yourself doctor," said a quiet measur. ed voice at my side. "Believe me, you are quite safe, and I trust you will fell no uneusiness when I tell you that you must be blindfolded."

And at the same instant a folded bandage was deftly slipped over my cyes.

" Hold ! " I ejaculated. " It strikes me that this is rather superfluous .-The night is dark as Erebus, and you have no lamp." " Possibly," returned the dry voice,

" but it is better to run no risks."

And then ensued a silence of some ten or fifteen minutes, while the carriage rolled swiftly along, and the low measured breathing of my unknown companion kept time to my own uncomfortable thoughts.

At length my companion spoke, again in the same soft, modulated tones.

" Doctor, one more little precaution is necessary-your promise never to divulge to human soul a word of this night's visit."

I hesitated. " I cannot bind myself to any such covenant. The relations between physician and patient are of course confidential ; but-

The carriage paused abruptly here and the door was swung open. At the same instant something cold touched my temple. It was the muzzle of a pistol ! I recoiled in horror.

" You surely would not murder me?

"You promise, doctor ?" "I promise !" I gasped, recoiling once more from the chilling touch of the cold steel at my temple.

" Very well ; come !

I was led up a narrow walk, through a doorway, into a room, where the bandage was removed from my eyes The spot was very familiar to me-a runious cottage, long since abandoned to decay, in the very heart of deuse,



JOHN G. HALL, Proprietor.

JOHN F. MOORE, Publisher.

"He is better-he is surely better." " He will be soon." I answered, mov. ed to pity in spite of myself. " He can not live half an hour longer."

The horror of that sepulchral silence that fell upon us as my accents died away-shall I ever forget it ? And five minutes afterwards the breathing, spas. modic and painful to hear, died into eternal stillness. The young woman lifted the corner of the handkerchief, lifted the corner of the handkerchief, and gazed into the ghastly face. It was that of a young man of about twen-ty-two and who had evidently been maryellouds who had evidently been

marvellously good looking. "Oh, heavens is he dead !"

Her clear agonized voice was ring ing in my ears, as they led me back into the darkness of the night. I felt a bank note in my hand as I entered the carriage once more.

" Doctor you have done your best ; it is not your fault that your efforts have not been more successful. Remember you are pledged to secrecy."

The next moment I was whirling swiftly through the November mid. night, with the strange, upquiet feel. ing of one wakened from a startling dream. Yet it was no dream-alas it was a startling reality.

The carriage stopped at a cross road near the village.

" Please to alight here, sir," said the driver. "You are not far from home." I obeyed, and stood listening in the

middle of the road, while the noise of distinctness in the shrick of the restless winds. The clock in the vilone. Late as it was, however, my of-" surgery was still open and lighted up; the servant from Haddenleigh Hall had

just ridden up to the door. " If you please, doctor you are want ed immediately at the Hall. The col

I mechanically mounted the noble anima! that stood waiting for me, and rode off, rather glad of an opportunity to revolve in my mind the singular ad venture that had befallen me during the evening. Haddenleigh stood a lit- detected or taken-all trace of them tle back from the road, on a magnifi seemed to have vanished from the cent knoll crowned with century old earth And were it not for the bank chestnut and beaches, and I reached note which most liberally recompensed the broad stone steps in about half an hour, by dint of rapid strides. As I ness borne by Mrs. Hadden's lovely entered the vestibule, Colonel Hadden face, I should almost have been tempentered the vestibule, Colonel Hadden who had been pacing up and down the hall in a perfect agony of impatience,

came to meet me-" Is that you, Dr. Meller ? I thought | This was my adventure-the first you never would come. We're in a and last that ever crossed the pathway pretty state of confusion here ! Burg- of my life. lars in the house my wife's diamonds gone-nobody knows what else-but old Hopkins left his sign manual upon one of the fellows. They must be caught. They can't escape. For you 800-

course we shall recover them again. Only, my love, it was rather carcless

of you to leave them on the drawingroom table."

show Dr. Meller.' As the door closed behind the hon.

" Doctor you have my secret-you surely will not betray it ? "

I am pledged to silence, madam,' I returned coldly ; " but this deceit-"

"It is not my fault doctor," wailed the woman. "It is my fate. How I en. it became necessary to show the jury dure it I can scarcely tell; were I to the time of their arrival. Many citizens pause and think, I should go mad. The were brought forward, among them a man who died to night was my son ! Colonel Hadden knows nothing of my first marriage, nor of the dreadful sec. ret of my son's criminal life, that has the concluding portion of the exami, weighed me down tor years. Over and nation : over again I have thought to escape from it, but it has followed my footsteps like a doom. To night closes that chapter of my life -oh, heaven ! how dreadful ! but my secret is safe-the diamonds provided for that ! "

" But vour husband, Mrs. Hadden ?" She covered her palid, beautiful face

with her hinds. " I know what you would say, Dr. the carriage wheels died away, losing Meller. I love and honor him beyond all men ; but what can I do ? Be lieve me, I have never willingly wrongliage church tolled out the hour of ed or deceived him. I never dreamed

She paused abruptly. Colonel Hadden was entering the room, and the smilling casual remark she addressed to him filled my heart with amazement -almost admiration. I rode home to onel said you could ride my horse, if my blue eyed little Eleanor feeling, as yours was not already saddled, and I can walk, so there would be notime lost." I entered the snug sitting room as if I I mechanically mounted the noble py atmosphere of every day life. But I never forgot the terrible excitement, the terrible suspense of that night. The desperadoes who had attempted to rob Haddenleigh Hall were never my services, and the everlasting witted to fancy that all the events of that marvelous November mid-night were

but the fragments of a dream.

Bothering a Witness About twenty years ago, when Frank-

lin Pierce and the present Senrtor Clark stood at the head of the Hillsborough " It was careless." replied Mrs. Had-den calmly. "Doctor you are not go-ing? Colonel, you have forgotten that curious old book you were wanting to thew Dr Meller." bar, in New Hampshire, there was a dinner of the Cobden Club, July 7. in course of publication in London. keepers, against one White, to recover

The Sultan has thirty of his wives the value of a pair of horses alleged to with him in Paris. have been killed by the defendant while Cherish your best hones as a faith, and abide by them in action. de up to me, and placed her cold hand conveying an insane man to the asylum on mine ; it was like the touch of an at Concord. There was plenty of proof that the horses died soon after their ar. rival there, but the defendant took the as it puts a curb upon most people. ground that they died of disease and Pope Pius IX has nearly completed not from being overheated, and that a the 21st year of his Papacy. sufficient time had been allowed them It is rumored that Maximillian was released and is on his way to Texas. The death is announced of General were brought forward, among them a tall, bony, slab-sided, lanky, sleepy-look-Michel, commander of the French Artillery at Brest. ing fellow, who officiated as hostler of the stable. J give you the substance of Arthur Rose, who thinks he smells

sweeter by the name of "the English Artemus Ward," announces that he is coming here next winter to lecture. "What time, sir, did I understand

you to say it was when the horses were up to the stable ? ' the Liberte in consequence of a differ-'Just as I was goin' to dinner.' ence with M. de Girardin, is about to ' What time was it when you went to

establish a new paper under the title of dinner that day-by the clock ? ' Discussion. 'Just twelve.' 'To a minute ?' blooming as spring, but recollecting that Yes, sir.' the season was not very promising, he added, " Would to Heaven spring look-"What time did you go to dinner the day before-by the clock ? ed like you." 'Just twelve.' ' To a minute ? ' General W. A. Blount died at an ad-' Yes, sir.' vanced age in Beaufort county, North Carolina, on Tuesday a week. He took an active part in the war of 1812, and 'What time did you go to dinner the day before that-by the clock ?' 'At twelve.' has since filled many public trusts. 'To a minute, sir ?' In California, two botanists, Professor ' Yes, sir.' Wood and Professor Bolander are ex-' And what time did you go to dinner changing some verp severe words thro' the newspapers. The language they use towards each other is anything but week previous-by the clock ? ' ' At twelve.' 'To a minute, sir ?'

'Yes, sir.' 'Now, sir, will you be good enough to tell the jury what time you went to dinner three months before the last date-

by the clock ?' At twelve.' 'To a minute, sir ?' ' Yes, sir.'

'That is all,' replied the counsel, with gleam of satisfaction on his face, and a glance at the jury, as much as to say, That man has settled his testimony. gentlemen.' And so we thought, till just as he was leaving the stand, he turned to his questioner with a curious

comical expression on his face, and drawled out : ' That ere clock was out o' kelter, and stopped at twelve for the He lies in a quiet village churchyard.

Selegted Poetry.

Firmness of a Lady in a Pet.

Well let him go, and let him stay, I do not mean to die, I guess he'll find that I can live

Without him, if I try : He thought to frighten me with frowns

So terrible and black ; fle'll stay away a thousand years Before I ask him back.

He said that I had acted wrong— And foolishly beside ; I won't forget him after that— I would'at if I died. If I was wrong, what right had he

- To be so cross to me f I know I'm not an angel, quite-I don't pretend to be,

He had snother sweetheart once-

- And now when we fall out, He always says she was not cross, And that she did not pout; It is chough to vex a saint—

- Its more than I can bear ; I wish that girl of his was-Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she is pretty, too-

- Is beautiful and good; I wonder if she'd get him back Again now, if she could. I know she would, and there she is-the lives almost in sight; And now its afterinine o'clock, Perhaps he's there to night.

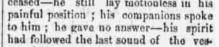
I'd almost write for him to come-

But then I've said I won't i I do not care so much, but she Shan't have him if I dont. Besides, I know that I was wrong,

And he was in the right ; I guess I'll tell him so, and then-I wish he'd come to.night.

A Touching Story.

I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the churchbells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Eu. rope for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian, and were his heart's pride. Dur. ing the war the palace was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one knew whith. er. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work, but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them until he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world, and hear them once again before he dled .---He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening almost insensible, in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine He searcely ever expected to see the sun rise again, that was now setting glo. riously over the vine covered hills of Germany. Presently the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and as the chimes stole taintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his leshargy. He was not mistak-en; it was the deep, solemn, Heavenly music of his own bells, and the sounds death, to a widow of Albany, who was that he had thirsted for years to hear staying at the Metropolitan Hotel, in were melting over the waters. He leanthat he had thirsted for years to hear ed from the boat, with his car close to her, and has since been unable to leave the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rang out their hymn and ceased-he still lay motionless in his



TERMS - 1 50 PER ANNUM.

Nows Itoms.

about to retire from the stage.

Miss Kate Terry, the English actress,

Earl Russel will take the chair at the

The writings of Joseph Mazzini are

Marriage is designated a bridal state

M. Clement Duvernois, who has left

Quin told a woman that she tooked

Rev. Dr. Norman M'Leod is visiting

the Queen at Balmoral, and the head of

the Anglican Church and defender of

the Episcopal faith, regularly attends his Presbyterian services when in Scot.

The murdered Mr. Hiscock was en-

gaged to be married, at the time of his

New York, when the fatal news reached

Stonewall Jackson is buried in Lex.

ington, Virginia, as he wished to be .---

flowery.

land

her room.

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swampy woods. How the carriage had ever reached it I was at a loss to know. Upon a pile of straw, hurriedly thrown into a corner of the moulder. ing floor, lay a prostrate figure, moan ing at every breath. His face was con-cealed by a hankerchief, and the blood was slowly dripping from a gun shot wound just above the ankle, a wound which had been clumsily bandaged by some unskillful hand. Morover, there was a dark red stain on the straw where his head lay, and his light brown hair was matted with coagulated drops. Two or three men stood around, with rude masks of black cloth drawn over their faces, in which three slits were cut for the cyes and mouth ; and a fe. male figure knelt behind the heap of straw, veiled closely. The men sileutly made way for me as I advanced into the apartment, and held their lanterns so that the lurid light should fall full upon my strange patient. I silently stooped and examined both wounds.

"Well ? " asked my carriage companion.

" I can do nothing, the man must die."

" Nonsense ! a mere bullet through the leg-what does that amount to ? hurriedly gasped the man.

" In itself, not much ; but that blow upon the skull must prove fatal."

A low, half suppressed cry broke from the woman opposite. She tore the veil from her face as if she could not breath through its heavy folds revealing features as white and beautiful in their marble agony as so much sculptured stone ! She did not seem more than thirty, but I afterwards knew that she was indeed more that ton years older. But in spite of her present anguish, how grandly beautiful she was ! Large datk eyes, hair like coiled gold. catching strange gleams from the shifting lanterns, and a broad smooth brow. It was a face you see but once in a lifetime. And yet, in the midst of the distress, she never spoke.

" At least you can do something f or him, doctor ?" said my interlocutor, impatietly. " Don't let us waste time here."

As I proceeded in my ministrations, the mouning grew fainter, the convulsive movements became scarcely perceptible. A faint gleam of hope lighted up the face of the woman opposite ; she looked appealingly at me.

" Yes, but Colonel Hadden-" "Oh, ave-I understand youyou want to see your patient? It's Hop kins, the butler, he got an ugly blow on the left arm-and afterwards my wife went herself for Dr. Maynardno offense, Meller, but he lives nearer than you; but he was out. She has only just returned, and I couldn't very well leave Hopkins, and Mrs. Hadden is such a kind good soul, she insisted on going herself to fetch Dr. May. nard-

" But, my dear sir-"

" Ah true, come along to Hopkins' room."

Hopkins, the butler, was as volu. ble as his master, and ten times as circumstantial, and by the time I had set his broken fore-arm, I was pretty well in posession of all the particulars of the attempted burglary at Haddenleigh. And thinking of my midnight patient whose life had ebbed out upon the pile of straw, I felt a strange guiltiness as I listened to Colonel Hadden's eager conjectures as to the whereabouts of

the desperadoes who had fled. " And now, doctor you'll take a glass

of wine," said the hospitable old gentle man, ushering me into his library. It was brilliantly lighted, and warm with the crimson glow of a genial fire, before which, in a singularly graceful

attitude, sat a lady, wrapped in the gorgeous folds of an Indian shawl. " My wife, doctor ; Isabel, my love this is Dr. Meller."

We stood before one another in si. lence. I could not speak, for I knew that I was looking into the startled ag-gonized eyes of the woman who had knelt scarcely an hour before by the dy. ing couch in the desolate sottage -Col. ouel Hadden's new wife, of whose beauty I had heard so much.

The Colonel talked on, but I heard not a word that he said. I could not but marvel at the wonderful self-possession of the woman, smiled and looked grave and said " yes" and " no" in the right places.

"To be sure," Colonel was saying as I woke into a sort of consciousness of his voice, " the loss of Isabel's dia These two lines which look so solemn

THE BITER BITTEN .- A few years ago a farmer who was noted for his waggery, stoped at a tavern, which he was in the habit of stopping at on his way from B-to Salem. The landlady

had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing herself in the cor. ner. The traveler, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid and while the landlady was absent put grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salent.

The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived when on taking up her dinner she discovered the impalatable addition to it. Knowing the customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determin.

ed to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite. the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called as was expected, and pussy was put upon the table among other cold dishes but so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance

He made a bearty meal and washed it down with a glass of gin. After pay-ing his bill, he asked if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not for she had lost hers. " What ! " said he, " don't you know

where she is ? " "Oh yes," replied the landlady

you have just eaten it ! "

WHERE THE IVORY COMES FROM .-About 24,000 oxen are killed each week to supply the city of New York with meat. The bone known as the "shinbone " and all the leg from the knee to the hoof, falls into the hands of Mr. Peter Cooper. He contracts with the butchers and market men to sup ply him, and in this way about 100,000 shinbones per week find their way to his establishment. All the muscles are taking from them, the glutin is extracted, and the clean white bone, is kept to be worked up into parasol handles. In this way Mr Cooper has made an immense fortune, and many ladies who suppose they were admirag a beautiful ivory handle to their sunshades, ridding whips, etc., have only been gazing upon the shinbone of an ox,--- the very animal, perhaps, which supplied them with their morning's beefsteak.

monds is something serious, but of Are put in here to fill out this column.

There was a general last six months.' roar in the gallery where I sat. Mr. Clark sat down, and I noticed that the judge had to use his handkerehief just then.

> A bishop who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions, met with a friend's gamekeeper whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religous duties, exhorting him strennously to" go ts church " and read his bible.' The keeper in an angry mood responded,

Why, I do read my bible, sir, but I don't find in it any mention of the apostles going a shooting" " No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop ; " the shooting was very bad in Pal-estine, so they went fishing instead."

KISSING A QUAKERESS .- The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister : As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the land. lady, a pretty Qunkeress, who was near the fire, and said he could not think of

going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, " thee must not do it." " Oh. by heavens, I will ! " re-plied the barrister. " Well, friend, as thou has sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

-One man wagered another that he had seen a horse galloping at full speed and a dog sitting on bis tail. It seems an improbable feat for a dog to accomplish, but the man was right and won the money. But the dog was sitting on his own tail.

-A man named Jameson, in Cincinnati wishing to curtail household expen. ses, adopted a novel method to effect his object. He kissed the servant girl one morning when he knew Mrs. J. would see him. Results-discharged servant girl and

welve dollars per month saved.

RECRATIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER .-Professor Dormas once placed a linea of gun cotton, and threw it into the her senses. Had this occured an age Some were all lace with very long trains | morning " sgo the professor would have passed as a The prettiest were vaporous waves of " limb of satan."

At the head of his grave is a simple slab with the name " General Thomas J Jackson," and at his feet a stone with the initials, "T. J. J.'

Rev. Mr. Dabney, the author of a life of Stonewall Jackson, has come out in a long letter to refute the criticisms of General Johnson upon his book. The biographer re-affirms that Jackson believed that Johnson could have occupied Washington after the first battle of Bull Run.

A French correspondent of an English Roman Journal says the condition of the Prince Imperial is such as to leave no hope of recovery. The poor child is a victim to scrofula of the most determined character, and part of the bone has been removed and replaced with gold in a recent operation. It is stated positively as the opinion of M. Neglton that he cannot servive a second, and that his living to succed to the throne is utterly improbable.

The German papers announce the death of a man who was so devoted an admirer of Cervantes that he spent the whole of his life and a considerable fortune in collecting every edition of Don Quixcte which has been published in Europe since its first appearance .--There were found in the library of this curious bibliomanian 400 editions of Don Quixote in the Spanish language, 168 in French, 200 in English, 87 in Portuguese, 96 in Italian, 70 in German, 4 in Russian, 4 in Greek, 8 in Polish. 6 in Danish, 13 in Swedish, and five in Latin.

At the ball given by Lord Cowley, in Paris, recently, the Empress Eugenie was in white, and wore six rows of large diamonds round her neck. The same kind of ornaments were in her hair. In dress, tuile, especially white, was the striking feature ; but all robes were differently trimmed, although with about the same material and precious stones. If the truth must be said, says a correspondent, the dresses were made of nohandkerchief in the explosive condition | thing but trimming, and that mostly of leaves which entwined round the skirts take a drink ?" wash. Bridget washed, dried, and and glistened all over with what is calsprinkled it ready for ironing, without a led a diamante preparation. It is erys-auspicion of its character. The moment tal reduced to powder and adhered to she placed the hot iron upon it, the either crape or other artific'al leaves .-handerkehief vanished into thin air, The effect is lovely. Other robes were and muttered as he went to sleep again,

the lightest haze.

per chime.

"God Bless You! "

A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothing that had been thrown from the window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags.---Presently a noble little little fellow came up, and, pushing his way through the crowd, helped the poor, crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then as he was running away, a voice abave him said, " Little boy with a straw hat lock up." A lady looking from an upper window, said earnestly. " God bless you, my little fellow, God will bless you for that." As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look ; of the lady's smile and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost bear his Heavenly Father whispering, " Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Little reader, when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little boy with the straw hat.

California Style.

Not long since a German was riding along Sansome street, near Sacramento, when he heard a pistol shot behind him and heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shake. He turn, ed and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took of his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it.

" Did you shoot at me ? " asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party, " that my horse ; it was stolen from me re. cently."

" You must be mistaken," sail the German, "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," said the other, " when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir ; won't you

-A gentleman was awakened in the night and told his wife was dead. H . turned round, drew the coverlet closer, nearly frightening the poor girl out of but foundations for jewels to shine on. " Oh, how grieved I shall feel in that

By This line fills out this page.